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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XI.—No. 549.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

[ONE PENNY.]



A PAIR OF GUYS.

"Most sensible individuals improve with old age, but Poor Pa is certainly an exception to the rule, as he absolutely becomes more childish every day. He is more skittish now than he was even in his teens. His organised attempt, in conjunction with his band of ruffianly desperadoes, to kidnap poor Snook and Billy for 'guying' purposes was, I am thankful to say, nipped in the bud by Dad's inveterate enemy—the police. The aristocracy, generally, are now up in arms against Papa, and my unfortunate male parent will, I am afraid, soon discover that not even a peer of the realm is to be 'guyed' with impunity."—TOOTSIE.

AND HAS IT COME TO THIS?



(Papa, excitedly). I say, Perks, there's a deputation from the Ladies' Local Vigilance Committee waiting to interview you below. You were seen in the Homenade at the "Friv." last night, and your presence in there must be justified—

(More calmly). But it's all right, old chap. I said you were there simply in your official capacity as Private Spy to the Bally Boulders Purity League, and they went off chanting a hymn of thanksgiving. Happy idea of mine, eh?

THE MAN-WOMAN.

IN the year 1764 or '65, a surgeon named Hayes brought an action against one Jacques, a banker, with whom he had laid a wager, the contents of which are set down in this agreement: "I promise for myself, and in the name of my heirs, assigns and executors, to pay or have paid, without delay or objection to Dr. Hayes, or his heirs or legal successors the sum of £700, in the case of his succeeding in proving that the Chevalier D'Eon, who came to England as Secretary to the Duc de Nivernois, Ambassador of France, is a WOMAN. And this sum shall be payable without any further guarantee than the present agreement. (Signed) JACQUES."

We are told in the account of this curious trial, that the jury returned a verdict in favour of Hayes. Louis XVI., we also read, feeling disposed to obtain a certainty, sent an agent, Drouet, to London with directions to ask of his diplomatist and confidant decided proofs of the sex to which he belonged. Drouet returned to his royal master declaring that D'Eon was a woman. However, when D'Eon died, on May 21st, 1810, the *Sieur Elysée*, who was present at the dissection of the body, declared it to be that of a man. Yet again a writer in the "*Répertoire des Causes Célèbres*," says, in conclusion, after giving a long account of the Chevalier: "After going so fully into the details of D'Eon's life, we regret that we do not know the political reasons which compelled a man (if he really was a man) to

wear women's clothes during some of the last years of his life. But was D'Eon a man? Was he a woman? We have no sufficient evidence to form a conclusion which we would recommend to the reader."

This mysterious being was born in Burgundy, in 1728, and was christened by the names of Charlotte Genevieve Louise Auguste André Timothée D'Eon de Beaumont. From its birth it was treated as a girl, but when grown up was declared to be a boy. It was said that the parents knew it to be a boy but treated it as a girl in order not to lose an inheritance which only a male descendant of the family could claim. At the age of six Charlotte was sent, dressed as a boy, to the Mazarin College in Paris, where "she behaved so cleverly, that neither her schoolfellows nor the professors formed the slightest doubt as to the truth." She studied zealously and made great progress. "Charlotte's true sex," we read in another account, "was made known to Conti, who took a lively interest in her, and thought that she might be usefully employed in a diplomatic career. Conti imparted the secret to the King, and the idea of having a disguised young lady among his diplomatic corps tickled his fancy."

His or her diplomatic career was a brilliant one. Charlotte was so full of wit and talent and such a fine gentleman, he or she won the heart of Elizabeth of Russia, and was at one time rumoured to be the lover of good Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III. Travelling to Paris with the news of the glorious French victory at the battle of Prague, he or she broke a leg, but that did not prevent Charlotte from hurrying to Versailles with the utmost speed, and the King, in gratitude, gave him or her a gold snuffbox with the royal portrait, and a commission in the dragoons.

Captain Charlotte, under a deadly shower of bullets, saved the powder stores at Hexter, and received two serious bullet wounds at the battle of Ultrap. At Osterwyke she charged a Prussian battalion of volunteers with such impetuosity, that it was broken up and most of the men made prisoners. Charlotte received the Cross of St. Louis and large sums of money at different times, and was at length, by the French King, granted a handsome pension on condition that she returned to France and resumed petticoats.

There she anyhow became a woman—the Chevaliers D'Eon. In consequence of some libellous verses written about her, she had a violent quarrel with some young coxcombs at the opera, and was sent to the castle of Dijon. At length he, or she, returned to England, and gave lessons in fencing in female attire, dying at length, after a life of surprising adventure, in poverty and want.

Anna Seward says: "Her martial appearance, elasticity and strength were wonderful for a person of sixty-seven. In the French uniform she combined the manners of a soldier with the grace of a courtier. In female dress nothing could well be more clumsy."

LATEST FROM THE BOWWOWERIES.

A kard av bin putt in the parlor winder. "A part ments furnish." Mani av stop an gaze an wawk onn. One wring the bel. He belongin too a lokie paiper sai advetysements off thatt sort caust 6d. Wott a kind mann!

(Next week, "Running Away with Miss Turner.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Very glad to, ARTHUR ELDRIDGE: Thanks for pleasant letter, too. Don't you see, A PUZZLED READER. All the work would rest with you? Any time you like, CARNARVON; We are always on the spot. Billy's fault, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER; He had wolfed the blessed lot. Haven't space for any sketches just at present, ARTHUR LEACH. That's the sort of humbug, ANTI, That the Purists always preach. Always send a stamp, AN ARTIST, If you wish the sketch returned. Many thanks, A COUNTRY BUMPKIN; You have only lived and learned.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Smith. Hallo, Brown, where are you off to in such a hurry? Brown (holding a handkerchief to his nose). Oh, I'm going down to the chemist. That fool Robinson played a silly practical joke with me. He asked me to smell his walking-stick, and then he pushed it right up my nose.

Smith (soothingly). Oh, I shouldn't worry; I've no doubt the chemist will be able to find it and get it down again.

She. What a clever man the editor of the "Whirligig" is, isn't he?

He (superciliously). Yes; but unfortunately he knows it.

She. Well, don't you think you would if you were clever?

SHE puffs a dainty cigarette
With archness meant to kill,
But tell it not in Gath, I beg,
It makes her deadly ill.

Singleby. Do your musical neighbours next door annoy you as much as formerly, old chap?

Benedict. Quite; but we've got even with them at last.

Singleby. Indeed?

Benedict. Yes; the wife gave birth to twins last week, you know, and they're fine healthy screamers, I assure you.

Snapper. I wonder why Jones never wears his gold chain with his dress clothes?

Snapper. Probably he cannot afford to.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 542.—The "Morocco Guard" Costume.



"Think I'm going to give up being a living picture? No fear, Jemima! I'll marry an L.C.C. first!"



HE LOVED SOLITUDE.
"Shure, it's a great pleasure to be alone; especially when Oi've got you wid me, darlint!"



She. Why are the entrances to theatres always made so wide and high?
He. To let in the ladies hats, to be sure.



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.
No. 31.—Norman Gale.

"This to thy heart, knave."

"Yes! it's all ecstasy a year before you're married, but, mark me, in less than six months after you've been refused a latchkey you will be seen staring in at the china shop windows in search of a vase that will conveniently hold the ashes of your cremated mother-in-law."

New Arrival at Boaring House (at his first breakfast). And what do you call this?

The Slavey. Well, I'd rather not say. Missis calls it coffee, but some of the gentlemen calls it the most awfullest names you can think of.

"So I hear Jim is married? Did he make a good match?"
"I should think so. His wife supports him in great style, gives him anything he wants."

If you would like your linen dressed
With stiff and snowy sheen,
You ought to have it got up best
By someone in Starck Green.

Dentist. H'm! from what you tell me, I fear it will be a painful operation. I would certainly advise the application of gas.

Farmer Hodgefellow. Never you mind about hurtin', pull it out and hang the pain!

Dentist. You're very courageous, sir, anyhow. Where is the tooth?

Farmer Hodgefellow. Oh, it ain't mine, it's my little boy that's bad. Here, Billy, come in here and let the gentleman look at yer grinders.

NEVER marry a girl with a squint. You'll never be able to kiss the pretty governess behind the Old Dutch's back without fancying she can cock her optic round the corner and nab you in the act.

Customer. How do you find business, baker?

The Baker. Never worse, sir; as bad as bad can be.

Customer. What, worse than when wheat was seventy shillings a quarter?

The Baker. Oh, yes, sir; for in those days, though flour was dearer, we had the money to pay for it; but now, though it's cheaper, no one has got any coin.

First Belle. That was a mean trick Gertie played me in the billiard room last night, wasn't it?

Second Belle. Indeed, dear! I haven't heard about it. What did she do?

First Belle. Do? why, tried to chalk her cue on my complexion, the little wretch.

Hostess. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Brownson, the latest divorcee. I know you admire literary people.

Guest. Oh, very; but what has she written?

Hostess. Oh, lots of things; but her two best books are "Domestic Felicity" and "How to Make Home Happy."

SHE never sings the old, old songs
She shrieked in days of yore,
She never thumps the keyboard now
Until her thumbs are sore.

Alas! upon that upright grand
She never more will play,
She failed with the instalments and
They've taken it away.

Hairdresser. Excuse me, sir, but were you always bald like this, may I ask?

Customer. Great snakes, man, no! Do you think I got married in infancy.

Lady Inquirer. Excuse me, my good man, but—er—er—is it true that when a man has had—er—er—too much to drink he sees double?

Gentleman (of uncertain habits). Well, I can't rightly say, mum; as far as I'm concerned, when I've had a drop too much I can't see at all; but I should say as how it ain't true, 'cos old Blowhard, at the pub. at the corner, 'e drinks as hard as anyone round 'ere, and yet I've never known 'im to take a bob for a two shillin' piece.

The Belle of the Family. I say, ma, I wish you'd have the carpet taken up and put down differently.

The Mother. My goodness, child, what for? It hasn't been down twelve months yet.

The Belle of the Family. Why, to get rid of that worn-out patch just by the sofa, where all the men go down on their knees when they propose to me. I declare I'm quite ashamed of it.

"It is a most remarkable thing what a number of men there are who think that they are marrying a woman, but who discover in the course of a few months that the woman has married them."

Extract from SLOPER'S "Words of Wisdom."

Sharpshins, Junior. What is the meaning of *fin de siècle*, dad?
Old Sharpshins. *Fin de cycle? Fin de cycle?* Oh, I expect it's that newly-invented water cycle—works with fins like a fish, don't you know?

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
The art to soothe her melancholy
She finds by starring in a play.

First Darling (looking up from novel). Ah, me! it must be dreadful to die young.

Second Darling (with meaning glance at other's tresses). Well, you ought to know, dear; you commenced it pretty early, didn't you? [And once again the hairpins flew.]

Impassioned Suitor. Maud, you are an angel, fly with me, I implore you!

Self-Possessed Maiden. Very sorry, old chappie, but I can't oblige you: I'm an angel without any wings.

Doctor Sutter (to Miss Oldtimer). Pardon me, madam, but before prescribing I must know how old you are.

Miss Oldtimer. Oh, sir, a lady is only as old as she looks.

Doctor Sutter. Impossible, madam! You certainly must be younger than that.

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TOOTSIE AT THE PALACE.

I'VE just received a letter from one of *their husbands*. Whose husbands, do you say? Why, *THEIR HUSBANDS*. One of the husbands of the Shrieking Sisterhood, the Prowling Prudes.



Clivette.

It does not seem to have occurred to anybody that there might be somewhere crawling about the husband of one of those alarming females who have lately been setting things to rights at the music-halls, and that this much-sat-upon male man thing has got any opinion upon the subject. Well, such a creature *does* exist, and his opinion (marked "private and confidential") is, as you might have anticipated, not just exactly the same as those of his good lady's. Here is what he says:

"TO THE GREATEST OF LIVING LADY JOURNALISTS—MISS TOOTSIE SLOPER.

"Revered Miss,—When I tell you I'm the husband of the Mrs. Squeaker you must have seen a good deal about in the newspapers, you may easily understand I am not a happy man. It's not that I object to Mrs. S. prowling, because that gives me and Jawkins, next door, whose missus is also out on the prowl, a bit of a chance of enjoying ourselves; and when Mrs. S. came home one day and said 'S., I intend to carry out this crusade until I have stamped the last of those creatures out of existence,' I said 'Quite right, my dear, for it struck me it might take some time, and I looked forward to evenings out with Jawkins. But what I do object to is the unenviable notoriety that has been thrust upon me, and Jawkins objects too. It's when people say 'Poor old Squeaker, ain't Mrs. S. out rather late o' nights?' Does she carry a latch-key?' that I begin to feel smallish. But that's not the worst. When it came out in the evidence that Mrs. S. had

in all her prowling never been as much as once 'accosted,' and people got chaffing her about it in the papers, I saw a change come over her, and wondered much. Yesterday I accidentally discovered a paper box on her dressing-table. On the lid were these words, 'Venus's Blush'; inside were some rose-pink powder and a puff. Mrs. S. now uses rose-pink powder. She looks much better for it too! BUT—Yoursepectfully, S."

I went the other night to the Palace, in Shaftesbury Avenue, where I found my friend Charley Morton looking younger than ever, and well and jolly. I found no promenade at the Palace, but a first-rate entertainment. Miss Fanny Wentworth's up-to-date sketch goes down well. Miss Roma and Mr. Coventry Davies are good in "Sixes and Sevens"; and Clivette juggles as cleverly as ever. Then there are, of course, the *Tableaux Vivants*, in which frequent changes are made, and which are both bright and beautiful.

I have often wondered, though, why, in these living pictures, the comic element is not made more of. I believe there is a future in store for anyone who properly carries out the idea. The Palace programme, however, is a capital one, and I advise you not to miss seeing the show. The Dook Snook, by the way, pointed out to me the other day a slight error in that much-talked-of letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, signed "An Englishman," which no other eminent authority has pointed out. Mr. Englishman talks of hearing the song of "Sam Hall" at Evans's. The Dook says the singer of that song



Fanny Wentworth.



Coventry Davies.

Miss Roma.

was certainly engaged at Evans's, but long after he had left off singing "Sam Hall"; indeed, he was first engaged when Paddy Green built the big hall, and all the songs were quite correct. If Mr. Englishman heard "Sam Hall" he must have begun early, and he must have heard it at the Cyder Cellars, in Maiden Lane, sung by W.G. Ross, in the forties. When Evans's became highly proper and intolerably dull, and ladies were admitted to private boxes which were rather like meat safes, with blinds in front hiding them from the profane male eye, the Dook tells me he has reason to believe that many of the ladies did not appreciate the boxing up, and would have preferred other melodies to those of the "Hardy Norseman" and "The Thoug and Crow."

NO JOKE

Having received numerous letters from different parts of the Country assuming that **SLOPER'S PILLS** are meant as a joke, we are anxious once and for all to dispel such an idea. There is not the smallest particle of joke about **SLOPER'S PILLS**. They are made from the prescription of an Eminent Physician practising in the West End of London, and will be found an invaluable Medicine by all who try them. A box containing 50 Pills will be sent to any address, post free for 9¹/₂^D, by the Proprietors,

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OUR CHURCH CHOIR.

YOU'VE never heard our church choir, have you? Well, it's not because we say it, but, if our church choir were only better known, you wouldn't hear as much as you do about the yelpers at the Abbey or the Chapel Royal.

Our leading girl is a treat in herself. She's a mezzo-soprano and a sort of light chestnut blonde. Her name's Etheldreda Simper-socks, and she's open to sing any soprano of her weight in the three kingdoms—amateurs, of course—for, say an electro tea and coffee service. She doesn't even bar Maggie Tinduffin, *although* she leads the choir at St. Barnabas's.

Ah!—and thereby hangs a tale. Maggie was in our choir once. With Etheldreda she divided the solos, and each one tried in sweetness and expression to wipe out the other's record. It was all in friendly rivalry, and, after all, we were the gainers by it, for there wasn't any such chirruping to be heard within a twelve-mile radius. Oh, it was great; without a doubt, very great!

One fateful Sunday morning, the venerable white-haired old rector read out the opening hymn, and the organist, after a lingering glance at his necktie in the little mirror, cocked his head on one side, slammed both his paws down on the keys and lunged out with his feet at the organ pedals. The whole choir stopped conversing and story-telling, and struck into the hymn in good style—that is, they all did, save, to the astonishment of everybody, Etheldreda Simper-socks.

Though her sweet mouth opened a little way, not a note came from her beautiful throat. Her sweet face was suffused by a great red vulgar flush, and her pretty jaws could be seen to be struggling convulsively. When it came to the part where she should have sung her solo she was quite dumb. Never had she missed before. Her great blue eyes flashed fire as a couple of tears coursed unbidden down her beautiful velvety cheeks and fell upon the toes of her patent-leather shoes. The other members of the choir were terribly excited—all, it was noticed, but Maggie Tinduffin, who seemed so overcome with mirth that, cramming her lace handkerchief into her mouth, she hurried out of church. The suspense was something awful; the congregation craned their necks in trying to see what had happened to the beautiful girl, and the dear old parson himself pushed his spectacles into better position and glared into the choir pew in front of the organist. Of course it couldn't go on. When they came to the finish of the first verse they stopped, and poor Etheldreda, crying as though her heart would break, hurried into the vestry, and sank in a heap in a chair in the corner.

"Mark my words, Mrs. Saggars," she said to the pew-opener, when, fifteen minutes later, she managed to get her jaws apart, "if ever I come across Maggie Tinduffin I'll break her jaw with this umbrella."

"And why, dear?" asked the pew-opener, as she neatly jerked her bonnet into a fetching position.

"Because it was she who gave me that confounded lump of almond stickjaw."

THE UNKIND TRUTH.

"You try your best to fog me with your long words," she exclaimed, petulantly, in the midst of an abstruse discussion on art, "but I quite fail to see in what way art can improve upon nature."

"Do you?" replied the callow youth, who had been slighted for a more oozy young swain during the afternoon. "Well, surely you will admit that—er—your own mother, for instance, looks better in that ten-guinea complete set of teeth and the nutbrown false front than without 'em, not to mention—"

The neighbours in the next house said they thought it was only to be a juvenile party and not a prize-fight to a finish, whilst the callow youth dodged in and out behind the chairs in order to avoid the rest of the furniture as it flew around.

FUN IN A FOG.

It was just after dinner, and most of the men had adjourned to the smoking room for a whiff of the herb which soothes.

The conversation turned upon the fog which had been prevalent all day, and Lord Fitznoodle observed languidly to his neighbour:

"Haw! I suppose you sailor men have lots of fun in a fog—aw—at sea, eh?"

"Fun in a fog at sea?" sharply repeated the other, whose bronzed complexion and general smartness of appearance bespoke the seaman. "Humph! well, that depends upon what you consider fun, you know. I had a peculiar experience a couple of years ago which some might consider funny, but which I shouldn't care about going through again."

The pulling forward of chairs showed that the audience were desirous of listening to the incident referred to, and the nautical party continued with his little experience.

"I was going down Channel on board a large steamer, just about this time of the year, and as I had left a three weeks' old wife ashore I felt pretty miserable."

"Somewhere about four bells in the first watch—half-past ten you people would call it—I went forward on to the foc'sle to enjoy a cigar and my heartache all to myself."

"I was looking over the bows and watching the stream of foam which broke away on each side, as I thought what my wee young wife was doing then."

"The sea was as smooth as possibly could be wished for, and there was hardly a breath of wind in the air. I wish to goodness there had been, it would doubtless have caused the confounded fog to disperse. But, unfortunately, the air was about as sultry and as objectionable as it is in the stoke-hole."

"The fog was so thick that it was impossible to see much beyond



"Hard a port!"

ten or a dozen yards ahead, and I was picturing my bridie all alone crying to herself in the privacy of her own chamber, when suddenly I heard faintly through the thick mist:

"Ting-a-tang, ting-a-tang, ting-a-tum-tum."

"There was no mistaking the sound. It was the twanging of a banjo; and I was wondering from which side it came from, when there followed the pop of a champagne cork."

"Sound, passing through a thick fog, is very difficult to locate, and though I listened as well as I knew how, I could not distinguish from which side the noises came."

"Then suddenly I distinguished the faint glimmer of a light right ahead, accompanied by a woman's laugh, which, if I had not known that my wife was safe ashore at Plymouth, I would have sworn had proceeded from her pretty lips."

"Hard a port!" I sang out as loudly as I could; and at the same moment the officer of the watch called out to the man at the wheel:

"Starboard! starboard! hard a starboard!"

"The man at the wheel was confused between the two orders and did not know which to obey, so he did not do anything, and we bore down on the devoted craft ahead of us."

"By this time I could look down upon her deck. She was evidently a yacht, and for a moment I could see straight into the tiny saloon, and with one swift glance took in the brightly dressed women, the wine foaming in the glasses, the banjo and the piano."

"All life, light and happiness."

"The next moment we struck her right amidships! A faint crash, an awful ear-splitting shriek, and then darkness—utter, awful darkness!"

"I shall never forget the sensation of that moment, even if I live until I am a hundred. I felt a shiver run through me; I can hardly describe the real state of my feelings."

"Of course we have to, sent a couple of boats away and burned blue lights, but in spite of all our endeavours we only succeeded in rescuing one of the doomed crew, and he was the master."

"As soon as he was sufficiently recovered he gave us all the particulars respecting the ill-fated craft, and here is where the fun comes in."

"She was the yacht *Rosalie*, belonging to the man who had been my rival before I was married, and my wife was the guest of honour on board! So it was her laugh I heard after all. Funny, wasn't it?"



Rescuing one of the doomed crew.



"Look out, you boys in the City! this is the New Lady Clerk; she'll be all over the place directly."



A CUTTING REMARK.

"Why do you wear your hat so much on one side?" "I—haw—used to be a doctor in the army." "Oh! the Lancet, I suppose."



"Why does that fellow Lofty behave so cool to me when we meet?" "Can't you guess? Someone's told him your dealings are fishy. Don't rage, old man, you know you are a fish salesman."



"Ruth tells me that I ought to marry a soldier, because I am so fond of the smell of powder." — Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

"Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted."

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL, Esq.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 363.—MISS MARIE ANGEL.

"The angel of my heart is she." —The Dook Snook.
"A fairer creature never graced the earth." —Lord Hob.
"Oh! that I dare hope to win her hand!" —The Hon. Billy.



(1) A. SLOPER has really had no time to devote to salmon and trout fishing this season; a half hour snatched now and then hooking the wily tiddler in Battersea Park waters is all he has been able to do in the gentle craft line; but then he determined to interview the distinguished Fisher Post, Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell. "I must saturate myself with the subject," said he, and went and borrowed that gentleman's work, "The Book of the Pike." (2) Sat down, and studied it, and rose, feeling himself an up-to-date Isaac Walton. Good idea! He would interview his friend as the dear old boy himself. Mr. Pennell, having received private information that A. SLOPER was coming, was out fishing when the Eminent arrived at Cheyne Walk; but A. SLOPER was not to be thus balked of his intention. By judicious inquiry he ascertained where he had gone, and after taking train and a few miles trudge he discovered him on the banks of a large but secluded sheet of water. (3) Mr. Pennell received him somewhat coldly, and in reply to his, "You are well discovered, sir—what cheer, this fine, pleasant, fresh November day in the morning!" merely observed, pointing to a fine jack laying in the grass, "Here, take

that, and be off!" "Marry, cool sir, I thank you," said A. SLOPER, and stooped to pick it up. (4) But the thing sprang up and barked at him like a dog. "Sir," said A. SLOPER, "I passed, anon, an inn. Let us go and take a cup of ale there while the animal expires." Mr. Pennell, hoping to give him the slip, consented. At the bar A. SLOPER, intending a little compliment to the author of the famous "Pack on Pegasus," addressed the landlord thus: "Tell us, your worthy host, I pray, if you have now in your cellars some costly drinks on draught to-day. To refresh two thirsty fellows? I see you have old port, moselle, champagne, and whisky, soda-water, gin, sherry, brandy, rum as well, so we will take a pint of porter." Mr. Pennell only sighed, and remarked that he thought that the fish must be dead by this time. A. SLOPER said he'd go and see. When he returned with his prize Mr. Pennell had gone. Alee is going to stuff that pike. A. SLOPER has given him sixpence to go and purchase glue and varnish. Later intelligence.—Alee has not returned. (5) Still later intelligence.—Jubilee has come in and says he has just seen Alee at the street corner smoking a brau new briar-root pipe. From whence could he have obtained it?

MORE TROUBLE ON THE BROWSIDE.



(1) The Committee o' the Browside Purity Society got Mr. Gates Ajar, the celebrated Singin' Pilgrim, tae come an' utter hearts tae the een o' mousy wi' his sweet artless singin' o' the sad jubilee songs o' his native land.



(2) But when he gied a screech an' started aye o' his horrid native dances, whilk it's no fit for any decent body tae behold, an' started the mak' a collection, the Purity Society an' the gas went out bith thegither.



(3) Efter a bonnie cooky-shine, the Committee can' wi' a dazel look about them, an' feebly called tae McBung tae chalk them up wi' a mutchkin o' whiskey apiece, for that dill o' a Singin' Pilgrim had whiffled off wi' a' their siller, an' the Purity Society had presented them wi' a testimonial! Heeb, sirs, the day!



Sally in Scotland.



Towards the Furnishing.



Sitting on the ground.



Southwark satisfied.



Balm on the crumb.



"Morty's" mount.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

I guess I have prepared a show this week, ladies and gentlemen, which is calculated to disperse even a good old-fashioned November fog. What do you think? Don't your eyes sparkle? Could even Kiraally concoct a more delightful spectacle? Certainly not. On we go:—To Edinburgh gay Salisbury goes. And there confronts his many foes:—For stealing of a widow's clock, George Walker's put into the dock:—The County Councillors with sneers, Treat with contempt the people's jeers:—

Dogs of breed were all the go At the Crystal Palace show:—At Southwark gay the other day, The Prince of Wales was on display:—In our police courts rank abuse, In shape of slang, is now in use:—The Cambridgeshire, a splendid sight, Which ended in a gallant fight. Every doggie has his day, saith the old saw, and the doggies have been having a rare innings at the Crystal Palace lately—Snatcher, of course, included.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

TRIUMPHANT.



There is a young girl of Japan,
Whose heart is as light as her fan;
Her husband, poor dear,
Disappeared in Corea,
So she's "Off with a handsomer man!"



"Hello, Scooper! I hear you're writing for the press. Allow me to congratulate you; may I ask what branch you take?"
"Address the wrappers."



AND HE LOOKED IT.

Mr. Grapwood. Now, my lady, I'll have no smirking and clattering with these swells. This is my house, and I'm master.

"At last I am independent of the weather, and am the only woman in London who has a hand to offer you even when it rains."



Soot. I've been going in for chest expansion. Thin, gracious! Haven't you been playing down rather low, old man?"

ALLY-CAMPANE.

ALTHOUGH it is generally the rule to approach the finish of the flat-racing season with a feeling of profound melancholy, it is, perhaps, just as well this year that we are so near its termination.



The canting prudes, of whom we have already heard considerably too much, are already busy themselves on the question of betting, and we believe that these fanatical humbugs are talking seriously of making a general attack on race-course betting altogether.

Mayhap, during the coming winter recess, they will come to their senses. Their present narrow-minded selfishness is absolutely disgusting.

To assert that money will do anything is a fallacy. It wouldn't purchase even a few inches space for exhibiting purposes at the Brewers' Exhibition last week. Those firms who were refused admission must now feel inclined to kick themselves for not making an earlier application.

IN consequence of the heavy duty upon landed estates, A. SLOPER has been compelled to resign the Mastership of the Battersea Hounds. His decision has caused the greatest regret among local followers of the pack.

THE Japanese mother-in-law, we are told, is treated with the greatest veneration and respect. She is to be congratulated. Over here she has to enforce it with a broom-handle.

THE Dress Question is always one of interest to the fair, and of the coming and going of fashions there is no end. Though the scale trembles on the side of severity there is a tendency to return to the lacey fripperies, which the popularity of the tailor-built gown has for a long time now ousted from favour. At least, so in effect say the ladies' papers, and if they don't know, well, who does? After all, it doesn't much matter. A pretty girl always looks charming whatever the fashion. That's SLOPER'S opinion, anyhow.

WHEN the Lady Interviewer called the other day on Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the humorist told her his fee was twenty guineas, whereupon the fair scribe, perforce, returned home, foiled of her prey. Nothing daunted, however, she forthwith indited a sweet little epistle to the author of the *Mikado*, in which she remarked that though he had refused to allow her to interview him under twenty guineas, she anticipated the pleasure of writing his obituary notice for nothing. Very charming of her, wasn't it? Call at Mildew, oh, Lady Interviewer! The Ancient's fee is only half a crown and a go of "Unswept."

It is quite untrue that Mrs. Sloper has consented to pose in the New Series of (strictly moral) Living Pictures to be shortly produced under the management of the London County Council.

ONCE again the Skunk disappointed his stable connections and backers by his miserable failure to win the Cambridgehire. A. SLOPER has now decided to school him over hurdles, and see whether he won't bring off something under National Hunt rules. The only thing he ever brings off now is his jockey, and if he doesn't improve soon—well, the felines of Battersea shall no longer be balked of their prey.

YOU had better send in your orders for "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" at once. The Emperor of Germany has already ordered half a million for distributing amongst his soldiers, and we most certainly shall not print more than four millions.

IN spite of the fact that *Truthful James* has been transferred from the Royalty to the Strand Theatre, we are pleased to note that the comedy has lost none of its popularity. Very often we find that a change of houses means a change of luck. But such is not the case with the play in question. *Truthful James* is as enthusiastically received at the Strand as it was elsewhere. Most of the original cast are retained, and we should judge that a prosperous career is in store for the smartly-written piece.



AN exhibition of artistic posters sounds a bit of a novelty, does it not? Of course, exhibitions of a like sort are to be witnessed on most of our street hoardings. Where the exhibition in question differs is that the posters are not daubs, but really and truly artistic—many of them, in fact, being by some of the most eminent artists of the day.

These artistic posters are now on view at the Royal Aquarium, so save up your pennies until they become a shilling and pay this establishment a visit.

IN spite of the fact that the public have been flocking to the Empire in their thousands during the last week or two—ever since, in fact, the theatre was so splendidly advertised by Mrs. Chant and Co.—we must admit that business at the London Pavilion Music-Hall is as good as it ever was. And why should it not be? Managers have only to keep up to the high-water mark to insure crowded houses nightly. This Edward Swanborough invariably does. The Pavilion programme is literally crowded with stars. You must really pay a visit to this up-to-date hall.

THE young ladies attached to the Central Telegraphic Office are petitioning the Postmaster-General for a Marriage Portion, similar to that granted, after six years' service, to the damsels who thump the typewriter in the G. P. O. Let's hope they'll succeed, boys. There are several very sweet, kissable little things in the Service whose present attractions would thus be very materially heightened in the eyes of the cooers but marriageable young man.

THE Mildew'd Musician has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon F. McLOUGHLIN, because he's the pick of the *piccolos*. "Feyther," chorled the Azure-Orbed, "strike me pink if the way you discover talent ain't somethink wonderful. Band-master McLoughlin can wield his gold-mounted baton, or play his ebonized piccolo with equal effect, and I agree with you, feyther, 'o's fairly earned his diploma." But the Ag'd gave his son a paternal cuff over the nut to repress his loquacity, and passed serenely on.

THE latest bullet-proof cuirass is, we understand, composed of copies of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." At a private view the other day, before the Duke of Cambridge, General Booth and Mrs. Chant, a volley of peas from the pea-shooters of Alexandry and Bill Higgins failed to penetrate or affect the cuirass in any way whatever.

NOW, with the advent of November, does the Fog King bestir himself, and spread his murky pall over this great capital of ours. Now does the sluggish clerkling find good excuse for his lateness, and the festively-inclined citizen vow unto his spouse that it "ish on'y fogsh, m' dears!" that has upset him. And the enterprising burglar, the watch grabber and the footpad, do they not all look forward to active business? Yes, verily, of a truth, we wot!

A. SLOPER sincerely hopes that Fred Carlos got plenty of boodle out of the benefit he took at the Victoria Hall, on Monday, Oct. 29th. Poor chap, he deserves it. He was most brutally assaulted some time back, and half killed, and now, after spending six weeks in the Folkestone Hospital, he is in the doctor's hands at King's College. They say he won't be able to appear on the stage for some considerable time. Any stray cheques sent to ALLY for Fred Carlos, shall be forwarded to him and acknowledged in the "HALF 'UN."

THE Revised Edition of *A Gaiety Girl* is going splendidly at Daly's—evening performances and *matinees*, alike, attracting chock-full houses. We shouldn't be surprised to see the popular piece run into an extra-special. There's any amount of life in it yet.

THE 19th Century Art Society opened its Autumn Exhibition (the thirty-third) to the public, at the Conduit Street Galleries, last Monday, and a goodly show it is.

IF you haven't yet seen *The Derby Winner*, yours entirely is the loss. We are not speaking of Ladas but of the celebrated Drury Lane drama. It is really one of the best plays it has ever been our pleasure to witness. The Derby at Epsom is not to be sneered at, but at the Lane it is really delightful.

ONCE again has that time-honoured festival, Guy Fawkes Day, come upon us. After all the years which have elapsed since Guido attempted to blow King Jamie and his Parliament to smithereens, the celebration has naturally lost much of its significance, and were it not for the enterprising vendors of masks and fireworks, would probably pass into a mere matter of history. Alas! poor Guy, we have several folks among us to-day whose effigies are far more deserving of public execration than you!

OH, dear, no! A Delighted Reader, you're quite mistaken, you really are. Somebody's been a-kiddin' of yer. Larks! is not to be turned into a threepenny comic. It's worth it, we know, but we believe in giving the public better value for a humble half d. than they can get for six times that sum elsewhere. Only a ha'penny. Buy! buy!! buy!!!



LIBRARY

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10TH, 1894.

4th November, 1670.—"I now saw," writes Evelyn, under this date, "that famous beauty, Mademoiselle Querouaille, lately Maid of Honour to Madame, and now to be so to the Queen." She became Charles II's mistress, was made Duchess of Portsmouth, and was his favourite till his death."

5th November, 1709.—Dr. Sacheverel this day, at St. Paul's, preached a sermon said to contain certain malicious, scandalous and seditious libels. His trial commenced on February 27th, 1710, before the House of Peers in Westminster Hall. The eyes of the whole nation were turned upon this extraordinary prosecution. It lasted three weeks, during which Queen Anne attended every day as a spectator. A vast multitude accompanied the Doctor to and from Westminster Hall and the Temple, where he lodged, striving to kiss his hand. They compelled all persons to lift their hats as he passed, among them some Members of Parliament. In the end he was forbidden to preach again for three years, and his printed sermons were ordered to be burnt by the hangman.

6th November, 1889.—This night, at Blackburn, a magnificent lunar rainbow was witnessed. The concentric bands of colour were marvellously defined, the tints being as vivid as anything witnessed in a solar rainbow. Large numbers of persons congregated in the streets and watched the development of the interesting and unusual phenomenon. The moonlight was so brilliant that several games of football were played in the suburbs without artificial illumination.

7th November, 1781.—The last execution under the Inquisition took place this day at Seville, when a wretched woman was burnt alive at the stake. Lloronts calculated that 241,000, the victims of forty-five grand inquisitions, perished in Spain.

8th November, 1793.—Madame Roland, the revolutionist, was this day executed. On the same day, at the same hour and place, a man was to be guillotined. To die first on such occasions had become a sort of privilege among the condemned, as a means of avoiding the agony of seeing others die. Madame Roland waived this privilege in favour of her less courageous companion. The executioner had orders to guillotine her before the man, but she entreated him not to show the unpolicy of refusing a woman's last request.

9th November, 1889.—A newspaper of this date says: "Why do not bachelors marry?" Not long ago the editor of a German paper offered a prize to be competed for by bachelors over thirty years of age for the best answer to the above question. The jury consisted of a young unmarried Berlin lady, a young married woman belonging to Leipzig, and a Munich lady who is a mother-in-law. Over 147 competitors sent in their reasons, which were carefully considered for some months by the jury. After much deliberation the ladies gave their unanimous vote in favour of one—Herr Leyboldt, of Esslingen. His excuses for not becoming a Benedict were as follows: As Idealist I could appeal to the fact that I would not live to see the fulfilment of the words of the poet: "Two souls that think alike, two hearts that beat together." As a Realist I could not but affirm that, "As real married happiness is granted to so few, just as the first prize to gamblers in a lottery, I preferred to renounce a possibility with such poor chances of success." As an Egotist I affirm, "I am enough for myself, so why should I make so great a sacrifice? For what else is matrimony but the annihilation of the ego?" As a quaint fellow I say to myself, "I won't marry a girl with a fortune, and a girl without a fortune is of no use to me."

10th November, 1630.—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* are quoted some verses by Bishop Corbet bearing this date. This jolly divine, we read, would often shut himself up in his well-stored cellar with his chaplain, Dr. Lushington, and, taking off his gown, exclaim: "There goes the doctor!" then, throwing down his episcopal hood, "There goes the bishop!" after which the night was devoted to Bacchus.

LIVING PICTURES.

"GOOD morning, Sam!" cried the Squire, as he came across the merriest lad in the village coming out of the Little Brown Jug, wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his fustian jacket. "And is it true, as I hear, you're married?"

"Quite true, Squire, an' rightly glad of it, too."

"Rather sudden, wasn't it?"

"Well, Squire, I s'pose it was; and more than that, there was a little bit of romance 'agin' to it."

"I should like to hear about it."

"Well, so you shall. Of course you know old Bill Harris's daughter, Susan?—certainly you do, and George Whanglear's, too, the bloke as she was engaged to. Well, I was always a bit gone on Susan myself, but then, George was such a smart, powerful chap, an' was doin' so well with his little farm that I didn't reckon it would be much use me a-going a-backin' up ag'inst him. So I loved her from afar, as the sayin' goes, and for I wasn't it a cruel blow for me when I heard, a fortnight ago, as they'd fixed the day to git married!"

"Set you back a bit, eh?"

"I should say it did, Squire, an' yet, ye know, there's many a slip between the cup an' the lip. Well, nuthin' would do for Susan but she must be married in London, so it's arranged that George is to take her up to stay with her aunt, out Battersea Park way, while he fixes up the licence and all that, and me an' Joe Nixey is to bear 'em company to be groomsman or something. Well, the very first evenin' we're in town, Susan, who always reads everythink what's in the Sunday papers, says to George that she'd like to go and see some o' these livin' pictures what there's been sich a fuss about. She was awful keen on goin', but George wasn't. He said it was against his religious bringings up, an' they was not proper things to go and see. He wouldn't mind standin' treat to Madame Twoards, he said, but he drew the line at livin' pictures. Well, Susan's jaw dropped, for she'd made up her mind to see them pictures. On the followin' day, when George had gone to be measured for his weddin' clothes, I says to her, 'Susan, I says, 'do yer still want to go an' see them pictures?' 'I do, Sam,' says she, but George won't take me.' 'That's a pity,' says I, 'for they tell me they're real jam—and a penny on the pot.' She commenced to cry. Susan did, whereupon I says, 'Sue, if yer goes an' marries George, you'll never see no livin' pictures not in the whole o' yer natural,' I says. 'I s'pose not,' says she. 'Now, if you was to marry me,' says I, 'I'd take yer like a bloomin' bird.'"

"That was a bold stroke, Sam," interrupted the Squire. "Well, I'll 'low it was, Squire, but it fetched her. She thought it over for awhile, and then she says, 'Will you let me stop an' see 'em all—even 'Arryadny' an' the 'Moorish Bath'?' 'I says Susan, 'Every blessed one,' says I. 'An' let me look at 'em all I want to.' 'You can gloat over 'em for all I care,' says I. 'An' if I'm awful struck on 'em will ye take me to see 'em the follerin' night?' 'Three nights runnin' if you marry me, Sue,' says I. 'Sam,' says she, as she put her arm lovingly through mine, 'I'm yourn.' Well, I tell ye, I didn't want no more than that. I rushes off to the registry office, gets the licence, we're married the same afternoon, an' a-sittin' in the stalls a-lookin' at them livin' pictures afore George has made up his mind whether to decide on a dark-blue or bottle-green coat for his weddin'!"

ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12th. ONE SHILLING.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE ROUND TABLE ANNUAL FOR 1895.

FULL OF SEASONABLE PICTURES AND STORIES.

89 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE LATEST LEG-ACY.

[The newest invention is a calf-improver for enlarging that part of the male leg.]



With his vacuous views and his sayings "sappy,"
Is not (if legs!)
More enlargers of legs,
But a general "Calf" Improver!

By kind consent of the
County Council
(Which professes to trap
and trounce ill)
We here present,
With kind intent,
For "Johnnies" a care
remover.
For every "Johnnie" whose
wool's enkindled
For that his shanks are
somewhat "spindled,"
We here suggest,
With earnest zest,
A Masculine Calf-Im-
prover.

One giving to this some
few attentions,
May largely increase his
calf's dimensions—
Yea, even devise
Some "footman"
size,
By means of this new
"mancover."
But what we would like for
the brainless chappie,

A CURTAIN LECTURE.

"Now, just you look here, Mr. Sleekman," remarked the latter half of that gentleman as she sat up squarely in bed and inserted her elbow between the ribs of her drowsy spouse, "Now, just you look here, Mr. Sleekman, and don't try and make believe you're tired to death, because it won't go down with me, Josiah, and not one wink of sleep do you get until you've heard me, and so I tell you.

"What the dickens do I want? That's a nice way to talk to a wife who meekly asks for a few moments quiet conversation, I must say; but you can't bully me, Josiah, I won't be talked down, I'll have my say if I die for it. Hurry up about it, do you say? That's like you; treat the whole thing with levity, and try to avoid the main point. Why don't I come to it? Well, so I am, only you persist in interrupting me. I want to know, Josiah, whether, as a respectable married man and the father of a family, you aren't going to resign your position in that County Council? What do I mean, do you say?—if you take the bed-clothes out of your mouth I shall hear you better. I mean this, Josiah, that I've been a poor blind fool all this time, but that my eyes have been opened at last. Yes, I can see through this pretty little game quite plainly now. A lot you care for the interests of the ratepayers. What do you know about the regulation of the streets, the control of the parks, or the purchase of tramways? What interest have you in sewers and sky signs? No, Josiah, I've tumbled at last, to use one of your vulgar expressions, and I can see it's all this music-hall business that's the attraction. Bosh! No it isn't bosh, it's the downright shameful truth, Mr. Sleekman, and you know it. It's Living Pictures that drags you away from your home night after night, is it? It's the Ballet that renders you dead to all sense of ordinary decency and propriety. It's the Promenade that has relaxed your moral character and poisoned every particle of your better nature. Don't tell me, Josiah, I've read your disgraceful evidence before the Committee, though you did try and hide away the paper. A nice occupation for a man of your age and position, I must say. What's that, a painful duty do you call it? Ha, ha! as if you didn't know as well as I do that you fairly love it. You're a humbug, Josiah; you and your nasty prying committee, and I'm very glad the public are finding you out. Good night, Josiah, and don't forget the resignation's got to go out first post to-morrow."

TWIGGY VOUS.

WHY would Tay Pay have rejoiced if Mr. Lever had been returned as M.P. for Birkenhead? Because 'twould have thrown a little "sun-light" on Parliamentary procedure.

BELLES OF THE BUFFET.

No. 8.—THE GREEN DRAGON GIRL.



GREEN, green, as the Dragon
of Green,
Grew the grass in my father's
meadow:
And there I ought to have been,
have been,
While the days of the summer
sped, oh!
But in sunless London I stayed,
I stayed,
From London I craved no
outlet,
Though I needs have been on
the greensward laid,
Or kitchin' the kraffy
troutlet,
Or scouring the country lanes,
as gay
As wagoner perched on
wagon,
For I could not sunder myself
away
From the girl at the grand
Green Dragon!

Green, green, as the Dragon of
Green,

Are the eyes of the monster fierce,
That with keen chagrin and troublous spleen
Does at times my boozum pierce.
Jealousy named is that monster vile,
That creature of old Abaddon's:
And the sombre time when she sours my smile,
The time when my soul she maddens,
Is the time when'er (in that cosy place
Of cannakin, cask, and flagon)
Some other Johnnie makes love apace
To the girl at the gay Green Dragon!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

53 HINDLE STREET, DARWEN, October 24th, 1894.
DEAR SLOPER,—I have just received the "Award of Merit," for which I thank you very much. I inclose photo of myself, as requested. Trusting that I shall always "be able to do my duty," I remain, yours truly,
PROFESSOR NELSON, F.O.S.

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 3.—WILKINS SAPOLIO SLOPER.

Born, 1130. Brained, 1182.

WILKINS SAPOLIO SLOPER, as the elder of the twin sons of Jabes Argentina, naturally put in a claim to the family estates, of which he took possession after paying the death duties, and secretly assassinating the only reliable witnesses who were prepared to testify to his share in his father's swindles. Rupert Rummymade, who was a mild, inoffensive sort of cove, without the necessary enterprise to put poison into his brother's throat gargle, and altogether too honest to ever get on in the world, was for making some sort of restitution to the ruined speculators, but Wilkins Sapolio laughed him to scorn, and upon Rupert protesting, bade his brother get hence for a dastard knave, and emphasised his remark with the business portion of his battle-axe.

More in sorrow than in anger, Rupert Rummymade packed his Gladstone, and Quixotically taking nothing but what belonged to him, turned his back upon the castle, and set out for pastures new.

Wilkins Sapolio then set about re-establishing the credit of the house of Sloper, and, as a sort of start, issued invitations to the nobility and gentry for a grand banquet, for which covers were laid for over a hundred. Jabes Argentina, however, had played it up a little too thick for even the nobles to be at all pally with his son, and the only guests who turned up were a few pressmen, whom Wilkins Sapolio was compelled to bribe to keep the *fiasco* out of their papers. The affair got about, though, all the same. The editor of a small society weekly, who hadn't received an invitation, got hold of the story somehow, and devoted five columns of satirical comment to the affair. Wilkins Sapolio was the laughing stock of the Court and clubs, and after bringing an unsuccessful libel suit against the editor in question, made up his mind to try a change of air. The next week's paper accordingly contained the following:

"To be Let, Furnished, Fine old Baronial Castle, attractively situated, within easy distance of the Court and City. Perfect sanitation. Latest improvements. Prosperous but defenceless tenantry, and entire sporting rights among their cattle and belongings. Staff of retainers left if desired. The above is well worthy the consideration of any gentleman desiring such a property, and will be let at a very moderate rent to a careful tenant. For particulars and orders to view, apply 'Feudal,' Messrs. Rostrum and Joblot, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, London, E.C."

A suitable tenant was soon found in the person of an opulent soap boiler, who, having retired from business, wished to do the heavy on a big scale, and Wilkins Sapolio went over to Monte Carlo and did in the first quarter's rent at the Casino. Failing to break the Bank he fled without paying his hotel bill, and landed off Leith, where he managed to stir up an insurrection against the King. Crossing the border with his army he was defeated by the Royal troops at the battle of Plucker's Pass, himself taken prisoner, and conveyed in triumph to London. He was tried and sentenced to death, but escaped through the intervention of the governor's wife, who, struck with his noble bearing, fled with him to France. Here for some years he lived an exile, until discovered by the outraged husband, who gave him what for from behind, as he walked along the Bois de Boulogne with an independent air. He was a hopeless old sinner, and few but his creditors mourned his loss.
(To be continued next week.)

AN EXPLANATION.

THE proprietors of *Bovril* have pointed out to us that the allusions made in Nos. 1 and 2 of "Sloper's Ancestors" to the commercial undertaking of Henry de Bovril Sloper are likely to be misunderstood by some people. We therefore hasten to say that we in no way meant to reflect on the merits of *Bovril*, which, as everybody knows, is made from prime ox beef. As a matter of fact, the entire "SLOPER" staff almost live on *Bovril*, and anyone doubting that statement can call at "99" and have lunch with us any day they please. "Here, waiter, another cup of Bovril, please, for feyther."

THE HARDEST HARD WORK.

THE miner sighs with a mute complaint;
The sturdy sailor, his frame grows faint;
The painter pines of the nauseous paint,
The porter of grievous loads.
And it's work, work, work! and it's work, work, work!
And it's oh the bane of excessive work!
For, when one man's labour is three men's work,
His heart to despair it goads.

The stoker broils in the furnace-lair,
The baker sickens from want of air,
The barman wearies with wear and tear
Of his body, the long day through.
But the myriad slaves of the sweater's work
May still be grateful, amid their work,
That the hardest work of all hard work,
Is not given to them to do.

Go ask, go ask, of the workless throng,
Whose wives and babes (though themselves be strong
And willing to work) have been starving long:
And learn, when their tale is spun,
That the hardest work of all hard work
Is tramping, tramping in quest of work—
Struggling, striving in search of work,
When work to be found is none!

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES.

THERE was a man down the Shepherd's Bush Road who kissed his wife on her teeny-weeny shell-like little ear and made her deaf. Since then he's done hardly anything but keep on giving her regular busters on the mouth, in the hope of making her dumb.

It's all very well for John Burns to get up a "purity crusade" and say, "Swear not at all"; but will he kindly tell me what a man's to do when, hurrying downstairs at the Stores, laden with parcels, both his bootlaces come undone, the string of the parcel containing the macaroni, butter, strawberry jam and cod-liver oil breaks, and he slips on the brass-bound stair and pitches head forward into the bustle of a portly duchess with a jar of golden syrup and a dozen cut winglasses, wrecking the lot?

"Well," said the Saturday-night rollicker, as he turned over in bed on Sunday morning and reached out of the bedclothes for the water-bottle, "they say two heads are better than one, but I wouldn't have two like mine this morning for McCalmont's four millions!"

It was a *Star* headline that ran: "The Influenza. A Judge Unable to Sit." And this in a free country! They talk about one of Her Majesty's judges just as if he was a blooming old cochinchina or a black-Spanish!

You may say what you please about it, but there is some luck in horse-shoes. A woman in Ball's Pond nailed one up against the back door a month ago, and last week her husband eloped with the maid-of-all-work. And he hadn't done a day's work since Grey Leg won the City and Suburban.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A DIVIDED SKIRT: Sk—irt.

WHAT firemen are required to do: Go to blazes!

THE FAMILY GHOST.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN RATSBANE scratched his head with a sad air as he contemplated the Family Ghost with a new respect that was almost akin to veneration. "Well, for an ancient spectre of the mediæval type," he remarked, "you are pretty well up-to-date as a schemer, I guess."



Scratched his head.

"Oh, I dare say I know what's o'clock—which is an offensive slang phrase frequently used by some of the modern ghosts. I was the concoctor of the scheme, and I am not ashamed of it. Certainly none of the other ghosts would have hit upon it."

"Oh, since you are the concoctor of the scheme, and the President of this confounded Trades Union, perhaps you will tell me how I am to get out of the mess?"

"It is no business of mine to tell you."

"Look here, I have the greatest respect for you, your antiquity, and all that. Is there any way out of it?"

"There is," said the Ghost, softly.

"Tell me it, and I will make it worth your while."

"I will," said the Ghost. "I propose to confide in you for our mutual benefit," said the spectre, as he made himself comfortable in the easy chair which he had selected. "The fact is, I am not comfortable."

"Not comfortable?" echoed Mr. Ratsbane.

"Certainly not," said the spook. "I have been accustomed to the best society all my days, and to the utmost deference and respect from the mortal occupants of Coltsmere, which has so long been my home."

"Yes, go ahead," said Mr. Ratsbane.

"The advent of your own special and particular group of spooks has upset all this. I am surrounded by a band of beer-drinking ghosts of the most vulgar type. I am compelled to mix with them, to see them degrading the solemn mysteries of ghost life, and to see a contempt for immaterial spirits permeating your mind and the mind probably of your successors."

"That is so," said Mr. Ratsbane. "True, they have recognized my eminence so far by making me the President of the Association, but that Association cannot do everything. It is finite, and its efforts would be powerless were mortals to put themselves to the trouble to oppose it."

"And—"

"And, besides," continued the Family Ghost, "even if it were successful, I would still be compelled to mingle with society which I don't like."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"I propose to round on my fellow-members. I propose to make a bargain with you on my own behalf, and get quit of all the others as soon as possible."

"And your reward?"

"Will be that you enter upon an agreement that you and your successors will always pay that respect and reverence to me that is my due."

"I respect and reverence you very much," said Ratsbane, "but I can't be expected to get up what might be called terror at your appearances."

"No!"

"No," said Ratsbane; "you see I have got used to you and your business of chain-clanking, and it doesn't strike me, who has seen it often, with that horror which makes a scare effective."

"I was afraid of that," said the Family Ghost sadly. "That just bears out my argument in full. If our united presence has had this effect on you it will have a similar effect on your successors. And that is exactly what I desire to stop. Couldn't you get up an effective appearance of timidity? Suppose you were to leave these apartments to me—to let them fall into decay, as it were, and to live wholly in some other part of the house. This would impress other people at least, and, perhaps, I could thus maintain my prestige."

"I could do that, certainly, and I would even agree that I would appear to be scared when strangers were present, so as to aid in inspiring with the reverence you desire."

"You are very good: that would be very satisfactory," said the Family Ghost. "I think our negotiations have reached a point of agreement quite as satisfactory as if Lord Rosebery had tackled the subject. I am glad I have been able to come to terms with you. I thought you'd listen to reason."

(To be continued next week.)

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(To be continued next week.)

An effective appearance of timidity



THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 384.—MR. GUS ELEN, F.O.S.

"The name of Gus Elen must be so well and favourably known to our readers that we feel assured they will gaze with much interest upon the above likeness of the coster bard, which we have so much pleasure in adding to our gallery. It has been frequently said of Gus that 'E dunno where 'e are,' and this temporary mental aberration, from which he is said to occasionally suffer, is perhaps attributable to a love disappointment in early life. He fixed his affections upon a young lady whose 'Line was in the flower way,' and who was also remarkable for wearing of 'An artful bonnet, wif ostrich feathers on it.' In a weak moment, however, he 'Introduced his donah to a pal,' who was so far lost to all sense of honour as to 'Stand her wheels and porter, and take her where he didn't oughter,' which, as a matter of fact, was 'Down the Road' in his cart, to the nearest registry office. Gus is never tired of singing his woes to the public, whose cordial appreciation has raised him to the pinnacle of fame. Chiefly because he's a popular favourite he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him October 13th, 1894."—*Debrett Improved.*



Excited Party. Oh, I say, Mr. Placeman, hurry up! there's a' ortful light goin' on just round the corner!
Coming Constable. Much obliged to yer, guv'nor; I should 'a' dropped right into the middle o' that if you hadn't kindly put me on me guard.
[Exit hastily—opposite direction.]



ON THE PROWL.

Old Mother Vampire
Explored the Alhampire,
On purpose to kick up a clatter;
When she left there
And laid her tale bare
Folks couldn't see what was the matter!



Charlie. There's the old wessel, Bill. I 'ad her took in oil.
Bill. Well, I think she'd 'a' been more nat'ral in water.

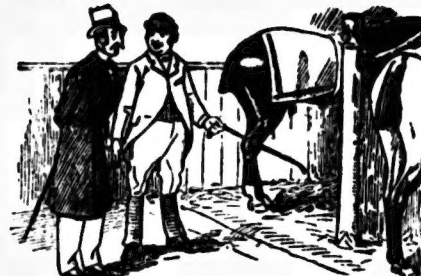
AFTER MARRIAGE.



Harry. Yes, it was a case of love at first sight. They met at Brighton, you know.
Dora. Do they see much of each other now?
Harry. No, nor speak either. They got married a week after they met.



"Wot say, you won't give me a suck at yer orange?
All right, you sha'n't be in our back yard when I bust my 'a'p'ay squib."



Horse Dealer. Now, that's a mare as would suit her lilyship, being young and skittish. Of course I means the mare, my lord.

IN THE SAD AUTUMN TIME.



(1) *Little Edmund.* Thank yer kindly, good lady, for these 'ere scraps. 'Selp me blue, it's the fust morsel of grub wot's past me lip for a month! And would yer be so kind as to allow me an "Billy" 'ere to sweep up the leaves in yer garden, for to make soup for poor mother, wot's a-dyin' of starvation? We sha'n't want more'n a truckful. *Mrs. Dorcas Skinfint.* Certainly, my boy! I am glad to see that you remember your parents. You may also have my cabbage stalks and snails, which you may find lying about—as the garden wants doing up, free of charge. (2) "Now then, Billy!" observed the guileless Edmund, as they manœuvred round in the direction of the hen-roost, a little later, "now's the time! The old cat-faced scare-

crow ain't a-lookin'! Take and sneak the two fat 'uns!—(3) "Look sharp and pop them leaves on top of 'em an' stop their squawkin', 'rease I shall 'ave to twist their necks!"—(4) *Mrs. Skinfint (benighted).* I hope, little boys, that you have—(the hens suddenly breaking loose—"Uck, uck, uck! Urrur-r-r-r chuck-chucky!") *Little Edmund.* Strike me pink! some o' your 'ens, mum! Must 'a' sweep 'em up with the leaves, unbeknownst.—(5) "Wot! I'm a liar, am I? You'll call a copper, will yer? There! take an' search the bloomin' truck yerself! I'm off 'ome to 'ave roast fowls for dinner!" "Boo! Wot?"—And when Mrs. Dorcas Skinfint recovered from the shock, the birds and the boys were far, far away.

SHE GAVE HIM NOTICE.



"You're the first looker as 'as ever complained of my cookin'."
"Ha! I suppose they hadn't the digestion I have, so they died before they could speak."

GIRLS BILLY'S PROPOSED TO.



She said she could only marry a cyclist, and Billy's hopes were for ever crushed. She was a darling, though, really.

A MOST ENCHANTING LIVING PICTURE.



Virtue vanquishing Vice.